PORTRAITS OF MEDAL WIN-NERS BY J. C. CHASE FOR THE OFFICIAL HISTORY OF AMER-

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN.



ARK! Now the city bells are ringin. Hark! Non the drums begin to Sunsit. Look Where the banners all are

weathful. Who's that marchin' up the street? See! Where the flag is flyin proud-Look Where the hats are tossin'.

Hark! Where the cheerin' is the loudest, Who's that steppin into view?

The answer is "The Marines"—the lines are from Joseph C. Lincoln's spirited tribute to the "Leathernecks," which was written shortly after they opened the hall in the first week of June.

1918, by steeping the victorious Germans in the. Chateau Thierry sector, fortgoold miles from Paris. "You know the rest, in the books you have read - how the marines not only stopped the selected German shock freeps short, but went right at 'em and hoked 'em to a frantle. The marines were the whole thing then for quite a while. They were the first Americans to get into notion on their own account and the Clottents Thierry story was spread brombast over the world for the sake of its heariening effect on our allies But this marine business is old stuff new,

Ison't mistake my. The marines have not changed. And there are no better fighting new

in the known world. For 100 per cent all 'round willesency they have no equal. The tallitary experts of all nations will tell you so. For one thing, they're niways equipped, always ready, always packed up and asking. Where do we go from They're the oldest branch of the Palted States, collingy service and Uncle Sam. has used them so long as a sort of internations: M. P. that they really know their business. Before the great war you know, they were the fighting men on our buttleships, and when they were put ashore anywhere - it

made no difference where-pretty soon Washington get this stereotyped message: "The marines have landed and have the situation well in hand." Add to this their unofficial motto, "What we have, we hold," and you have a pretty good line on this picked outfit of fighting men-

PYT. M.J. DEVEREAUX

This marine stuff is old stuff for an entirely different reason-for two reasons. One is that there was a lot of fighting between June 1 and November 11, 1918. The other is that we are now beginning to hear all about it. The point is: While the marines kept right on adding to their laurels and the regulars ran 'em a dead heat, the common, every-day American soldierall branches of the service-also got into action and staged some thrillers himself. National Guard, National army, air service-it made no difference. As fighting men they proved they were worthy to stand and to charge alongside regulars and marines-and words can say no more. They have their own place in the sun and they won it in the only way a fighting man can win it. You know how.

The German high command at the Spa in Belgium during the war studied the American soldier systematically and thoroughly, and formally wrote its conclusions into the official records. Major von Rundstendt, on General Ludendorff's staff, has made public some of these official conclusions. One is: "The Americans are very brave and active, but highly temperamental." He explained this by saying that with the Americans the fighting was a good deal of a sporting proposition, and that they wanted to get all the adventure and excitement possible out of it. Besides, it was impossible to tell what the Americans would do. They might attack anywhere and any time. They might get tired sitting around or get peeved at the mosquitoes or feel mad because their rations had not come up-then they were not to take it out on the enemy. Major von Rundstendt, asked to name offhand some of the American divisions considered by the high command as among the best, replied:

"The division which you call 'the Rainbow in the Sky' (Forty-second), and that division made upshalf of marines (Second regulars); also the Twenty-eighth (Pennsylvania National Guard), and the First (regulars)."

When the high command records were examined these divisions were also found included among the most effective; Thirty-second (Michigan and Wisconsin National Guard), Twenty-sixth (Nationat Guard. New England), Thirty-third (National Guard, Illinois, Prairie), and Thirty-seventh (National Guard, Ohio).

Official American Portraits.

The judgment of the German high command as to division efficiency, it will be noted, is borne out by the American records now beginning to be made public. And Major von Rundstendt unconsciously painted a gergeous picture of the Americha soldier as a first-class fighting man.

It is when we come to the individual exploits of our fighting men that we get the real thrills. Official citations have given us the bald outlines of deeds of desperate valor that won recognition. Here and there some especially noteworthy ex-ploit has found a sympathetic chronicier. Every-line has outstanding fact: Every fighting



BENSON JE COMP MISCZYSLAW must that got a chance at the Hun showed it was nade

up of heroes. How the these incredible olog lighting Americans sok and act and have their seing? Why, you know. You see these heroes every lay-either actual or poteti-They are coming buck by the thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thetisands. They look very much as they did when they went beired - the able-bedied ones. You can see changes, If you look close, but in the main they are the same

good-natured American hoys. No wonder the French loved them for their looks and their ways. wondered if it was possible that they really could fight and went delictous with ecutary when they put the Hun on the run and kept him going?

Well, the generations to come, who cannot see these American heroes in the flesh, will have the chance to see a few of these betters in official por-

Joseph Cummings Chase, well-known portrait painter, who went overseas in October on a speall mission for the War college, has returned He brought with him 142 pertraits, including a complete set of likenesses of the American generals overseas save four, which he will be compelled to paint here. There are 72 portraits of generals, 50 of privates, "noncoms" and lieuten ants who performed especially noteworthy service: 20 are pictures of officers of various grades. Mr. Chase was selected by the War college to paint these portraits, which are to be incorporated into the official history of America's participation in the great war.

Doubtless the generals and other officers of high rank are all imposing in looks, but their portraits have been published before. It is quite likely popular interest in these official portraits will run largely toward those of the fighting men. Somebody said: "No army is bigger than its buck privates." He said something.

The four portraits here reproduced out of 18 at hand are the selection of the etcher and not of the writer; so it is clear that reproduction quality and not the record of the soldier determined the choice. Yet this choice, haphazard as to deeds. shows clearly the marvelous qualities of the American soldier. Here is what the four did, in

Lieut, Philip Benson, One Hundred and Eightyfifth Aero Squadron. - During the last three weeks of the fighting Lieutenant Benson made trips nightly over German towns, dropping hundreds of bombs and fired thousands of rounds of ammunition into Hun supply-trains. Of the pursuit group to which he belonged, only two pilots remained alive. His father is a well-known New York architect, and his uncle is the famous painter, Frank Benson. Work like this requires a different sort of courage from that of the charge in the heat of battle. Let your imagination go along with aviator, alone in the heavens at night over the enemy country, and make your own estimate of this city boy, well-bred, educated and refined and of native American stock. Keep in mind, too, that aviators have to be just about 100 per cent perfect mentally and physically, and in a sense are volunteers.

Corp. Misczyslaw Brockl, Company B. Sixteenth Infantry, First Division.-South of Soissons on July 21, Corporal Brocki came to the conclusion that the Germans had too many machine guns. He picked out the two that were causing the heaviest losses to his company, went out single handed and captured those two particular guns, with every Boche pertaining thereto. His citation says this was only one incident of Corporal Brocki's activities. This man is of Polish birth or blood, cording to Chase-evidently one of those "tem peramental" fellows

Corporal Walter E. Gauttury, Eleventh Infantry, Pirch Division.—Corporal Gaultner was picked out by his communities as an example of his finest type of wildler. Gaultner was wounded: that couldn't stop bim. Alort, ingenious, speedy heedless of personal danger, he went at the Hunthe Samuel with the well-known law bene-only this young Semson's jaw tone was that nice long trench buffe you see stranged about his pack. Just what this young fellow did is not told; evidently be a natural born fighter and the regular army training has made him pretty nearly 100 per cent efficient as an all-proped fighting man-

Private H. J. Deverenux, Company M. One Honand Teruty fifth Infantry, Thirty-second division.-When his company crossed the River o area and expressed the Book Polger, the corporal of his squad fighting beside Private Deverence as wounded by machine gan fire. The curporal (-i) to the ground and the enemy continued to fire is the wounded man. Mad clear through, Devercoux sprinted zeross the open and single-handed, stacked and put the markine gun sut of action.

Greatest Feat of War.

It is also known that Chase has pointed a portait of Sergt. Aivin C. York of Pall Mail. Fentress. cunty, Tenn., Company G. Three Hundred and renty-eighth infantry, Eighty-second division, It v to be hoped that the painter did a first-class job. or York's exploit was probably the greatest indiidual feat of the war. York, then corporal, on sctober 8, 1918, killed 20 Germans, captured 182 risoners, including a major and three lieutenants. out 35 machine guns out of business, and thereby broke up an entire battalion which was about to conterattack against the Americans on Hill 223 n the Argonne sector, near Chatel-Chehery. He outfought the machine gun battation with his rife and automatic pistol. There were seven other Americans with York, but it was York's fight and but for him not a man of them would have come or alive except as prisoner.

Moreover, the man and his bome and his surroundings are intensely interesting being entirely out of the ordinary. Here are a few outstanding forth:

He was born December 13, 1886, stands 6 feet and tips the scales at 205 pounds. He is red headed. He is a dead shot-absolutely sure death with either rifle or automatic; in the course of his fight he killed a German heutenant and seven men who charged him from a distance of 20 yards. He is a fighter who gets cooler and cooler as the danger EFOWN.

He used to drink, gamble and swear. He quit in 1915 and joined the Church of Christ and Christian Union, of which be is second elder and singing leader. He was a conscientious objector until convinced by Capt. E. C. B. Danforth at Camp Gordon that the Bible proved it his duty to fight. He believes in a personal God and looks upon his successful exploit as a miracle, "Blessed is the peacemaker," he says,

He is a farmer and blacksmith and provides for his mother, one brother and three small sisters; the other six brothers and sisters are married. His forbears for generations were Tennesseeans. When York landed the other day the Tennessee society took possession of him and tried to make him feel that New York city was his.

Of course York was having the time of his life, yet really, you know, he was regretting that he wasn't home to lead the singing at the Possum

Trot spring revival, And at the Possom Trot revival, in the valley of which Pall Mall, with its 20 houses, is the crossroads metropolis. York's neighbors were prouder over the fact that he had "kept straight" than over what he had done to the Hun. Besides, while Alvin was "all right," God had had blue in charge since the day he enlisted. "It wasn't Alvin," said Grace Williams, who is waiting for him, "It was the hand of God."

Which reminds us of the first words of the Hur unfor captured by York.

British?" he asked.

"American," said York, "Good Lord!"

DADDY'S EVENING by Hary Graham Bonner

NANCY DECIDES SOMETHING.

"You know, Duddy," said Nancy, That I have made up my mind to something." "What is that?" asked Duddy,

"Yes, she has," chimed in Nick, "and it's a good thing too. I will help her. I will, I will get up a club like it." "I never knew that," said Nancy. "Well. I've been thaking," said Nick. "I've made up my mind to something.

"Dear me," said Daddy, "this all sounds very interesting, but what is if all about yo

"Who will speak first?" he added. looking from one to the other. "Naury, she is the lady," said Nick,

Intighting "Oh, all right," said Paddy, "that

sounds perfectly fair." "Well," said Nancy, "do you remember the story you told us about the

herons and the hirds of Paradise?" "Yes," said Duddy, "Ind I've another story to tell you about them, too," "Oh. let's hear about the other story

first," said Nuncy. "No. you were to speak first," said Daddy

"Please, the story," said Names. "Yes, please the story." said Nick. "Well, two against one; so I'll tell. H." said Duddy. "It's a very short ATTORY.

"The other day Mrs. Heron was talking again to Mrs. Bird of Paradise. "Ah," Mrs. Heren was saying. "It does were too had that just when our little news are born, just then, they shoot us, and leave our little ones in

Starte. Think of mothers—wanting mothers on their hats whose little ones have been left behind to die. It's something I rannot caused auderstand"

WAU we can hope the said Mrs. Bird of Paradise, is that lots and lots of children will come to live and stidthat they will hear from the keeper. stout us and will go home and telltheir mothers.

"Yes," said the foreign. The suppressions. I do betieve people don't know or usderstand or they wouldn't do such.

eruel things." I am vary a great must must be



And Leave Our Little Ones to Starve.

would be cruel, especially just for finds ion and strie," said Mrs. Bird of Para-

"I hope, said Mrs. Heron, That chileven will remember when they grow up themselves not to wear feathers which destroy the lives of hirds who want to live and cure for their little opes.

"They strike us down when we're dencing and happy and have chosen our little mates,' the Bird of Paradise said sadiv.

"And mothers wear us on their hats,' sold Mrs. Heron. They wear other mothers whose babies have died of starvation because of a cruel, cruel

" Let's hope for better times shend for our families.' Mrs. Bird of Paradiss ended.

'Let's hope so,' said Mrs. Heron. "That is the end of the Mory." said

Paddy. "That was their little talk." "Oh, Duddy," said Nancy, "I've made to my mind, of course, never, never, never in the world to wear feathers of birds where we're doing cruel, cruel harm. I know and I could never forget. But I've made up my mind to start a club of little girls who'll all

promise to never wear the feathers of birds such as the herous or the birds of paradise or any other feathers where the hirds have to be killed. We'll wear cetrich feathers and plumes which come out naturally. "And I'm going to get any number of

my friends together and we'll have meetings and at each meeting every member will tell an interesting story of some bird she has seen. Once a month we'll have refreshments.

"But most of all," said Nancy, for she could see Nick smiling over the refreshments. "we'll never be cruel to hirds because of our refreshments."

"That's right," said Nick, "the idea of big creatures like as being cruel to little creatures like birds, and I'm going to start a boys' club where we'll study birds and take their pictures, but we'll never steal their eggs."

Nice Parlor Trick

Place any small coin in the hollow of your palm, then give someone a which broom with the offer that they may have the coin if in three brushe they can sweep it off your hand.

They can't. Try it yourself. It is a mystifying little magical problem. that will amuse your friends if prop-orty presented

Couldn't Move

In Bed Twelve Weeks From Rheumatic Trouble. Now Praises Doan's.

"For twelve weeks I lay abod, unable to move a muscle," says Mrs. Gust Johnson, 654 E. Seventh St., Red Wing,

Minn.
The pains that shot through my entire body seemed more than any human more than any human being could stand. My hands and arms and lower limbs were put in splints to stop them twieting into knots. Every ligament seemed ready to snap. I can't understand low endured such agony. Neveral physiciana agreed that I had in flammationy rhouse.

agreed that I had its
flatimation; rheumatism, but their medicine dain't give me any rebei
folks wanted to take me to a hibut I would not let them. The classification of the medicine of to Donn's Kidney Pills. I med twelve being and they musty did prove their wonderful merit. It is a year since and I have enjoyed the best health of all my life. I wont nearly 170 prounds and am like a different person in every respect. I shall always praise Doom's Kidney Pills Excern to before me. HAROLD V. PETERSON, Notacy Public.

DOAN'S TILLY POSTER-MEDURN CO., BUFFALO. N. Y.

Acid-Stomach

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Striking Similarity.

Tom P. Morgan loves to tell the old story of the farmer who tore a good deal of good clothing and went to much trouble to catch a perfectly wretched, decrepit old tramp who had been sleeping in the farmer's haymow. "Now," yelled the farmer in a triumphant outburst, "now I've got ye!" "Yes," whined the harmless old wreck, "and a great git you got!" This story is brought to mind by the report in yesterday's news that the Esthonian and Finnish troops had crowned their herculean efforts by the capture of Petrograd.-Kansas City Star.



Je